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THE LIBERALS LOSE HEART.

THEY SEEM ON THE POINT OF THROWING UP THE SPONGE.

The Tortes Are Enthusiastic, and It Is Be lieved the General Election Will Very Seen Ocear-Mr. O'Brien in a Bad Financial Way-The Ameer's Son Boom't Feel at Home in London-Emperor William Preparing to Declare Himself on the Money Question-The Evangelient Attiance Defends the Sultan-Cock Fighting Plourishes in England, Though Probibtted by Law-Humanitariane Challenge Sporting Men to a Joint Debate Special Cable Despatch to THE BUR.

LOTDON, May 25.—The impression has seized upon the public mind this week that the dissolution of Parliament and the general election ar very near. The Government are undeniably disheartened by electoral defeats and the mutinou aduct of their followers inside and outside of Parliament, and distracted by the eccentricities of Premier Rosebery and the newly develed moroseness of Sir William Harcourt. The latter has no heart left even to crack bed jokes, and stalks about as melancholy as a martyr. He loathes newspapers in his present mood, and reporter dare approach him; but if one could run the gauntlet of the detectives who look after his bodily safety and get him in a quiet corner for a couple of minutes, he would ainly say that he is sick of the whole business and does not care a big D what bec Home Rule, the Liberal party, and Lord Rose-

The other side are offensively enthusiastic over the political prospects and unfeelingly con-fident in the result of the appeal to the country. Lord Salisbury has this week warned his followers to be ready for the fight, which may come at any moment. Mr. Balfour last night contemptuously remarked that common humanity suggested that the Government ought to be put out of their pain as soon as possible, and the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Joseph Chamberiain are ostentatiously putting their armor on.

For more than a year past there have been frequent cries of wolf, but the present scare is very real and well founded. If the Government can manage it they will remain in office until the Weish Church Disestablishment bill is passed through the Commons and thrown out by the upper House, so that they may be in a ition to go to the country with an anti-Lords battle cry; but that would scarcely suit the opposition, and the prospect is that Mr. Balfour will now force the fighting, instead of pursuing any longer the insidious policy of passive ob struction in the lower House, effective though

The Government business is hopelessly blocked and in an irretrievable tangle. The process of disintegration has set in among the Ministerial rank and file. The greatest difficulty is experienced in getting members to attend the House regularly, and the confidence and aggressiveness esition are shown significantly by the refusal of their whips to arrange pairs. All these things are sure signs of a crisis.

It seems pretty clear that Mr. William O'Brien

ill soon cease to be a member of Parliament for Cork. He has not paid Mr. Chance's costs. and the Healyites are getting ready to seize his seat as soon as he is formally made a bankse are the sold facts. Mr. O'Brien's friends put the matter more picturesquely, but smi strictly within the limits of truth. He is, they say. "being sacrificed to the venom and bed feeling of men who should be his best friends. He is being ruined behind the nation's back by the secondrels who are trying to strangle the national cause."

A week ago Mr. O'Brien was moved to tears by the splendid generosity of Alderman Flavin of Cork, who, in a letter signed by his name. offered to contribute £100 toward a fund for paying the terribly insistent Mr. Chance. The etter proved to be a forgery, but Mr. Flavin enjoyed for several days a cheap reputation for generosity and when he finally repudiated the purious letter he did not take the hint and rerepresents what appears to be the prevailing feeling in Ireland just now. The springs of political generosity are temporarily dried up. When it was only a question of finding two or three hundred pounds self-seeking patriots clamored to be al lowed to help satisfy the grasping Shylock "who not only wanted a pound of Mr. O'Brien's quivering flesh, but his life and death," as another impassioned Cork orator put it. But soon it was learned that Mr. Chance's little bill was only a part of poor Mr. O'Brien's indebtedness in the sacred cause of Ireland. He had run up debts aggregating £6,000, and obviously, if Mr. Chance was satisfied by private benefactions and public subscriptions, other creditors would expect to be paid in a similar manner. To raise £6,000 upon the eve of a general election was no joke to Irish politicians, deprived by cruel circumstances of help from beyond the Atlantic. It is a bad business for Mr. O'Brien. He has in his possession quite a collection of write from people who have had the bad taste to press

him for payment, of course, at the instigntion of the malign Healy, and nothing is left for him to do but to go through the bankruptcy court and trust his personal material future to the generosity of Mrs. O'Brien, who, happily, is well endowed with worldly goods. As for Mr. Chance, he is past praying for, be cause he is not only pressing Mr. O'Brien in

this most brutal fashion, but is actually threat ening the committee of the national party with writs and seeking to make certain members personally responsible for money spent for pubie purposes.

Prince Nasrulla, the second son of the Ameer of Afghauistan, has duly arrived here as a plodge of his father's love for England, and London society is preparing to make much of him. They will not find the work altogether easy and enloyable. Nasrulla is a morose young man and ill t case in his gorgeous, tight-fitting uniform. He has a pair of eyes that are strangely sug-gestive of a frightened, ill-tempered horse about to kick and bolt. Prince Nasrulla has a strong objection to being hurried. He has already kept Queen Victoria waiting for him at Windsor when she was anxious to start for Scotland, and he will doubtless cause a good deal of trouble in the same way before he returns home. When the young Prince arrived in Lon-don last evening the English officers attached to his suite made nim look like a foo by telling him in pantomime how he ought to inspect the guard of honor drawn up on the platform to salute him, and he let everybody ee his irritation. His staff consists of several second-rate princes and a number of big-limbed officers. Each is held personally responsible by the Ameer for the safety and proper treatment of his son, and the responsibility appears to rest on them with crushing weight. Some of them may not understand their sovereign's new-found love for Afgianistan's hereditary enemy. Suspicton is natural to an Afghan, and that feeling may have induced the Prince and most of the ficers of his staff to keep their hands on the hilts of their swords in and out of season.

Nervous people regard with apprehension this invasion of London by the wild Afghan chiefs and soldiers who form Nasrulia's escort. They are great, musculars fellows, infantry men in red fackets and white trousers, troopers in blue and gray, all carrying murderous looking Afghan arms. The Prince's staff, escort, and servents have, however, to be well treated, for reasons of State, and a programme of amusement and instruction has been arranged sufficieus to send all home full of the giories and wonders of the West.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer almost

raised an undignified disturbance at the Man-sion House banquet on Wednesday night, when he was the guest of the Lord Mayor, together with 200 or more merchants and bankers of the city of London. The company included a good many bimetallists, and controversial currency questions ought to have been avoided by the speakers. Sir William Harcourt, however, was anable to resist the temptation to lecture, which often seizes him on such occasions. He talked compounty of the determination of the Government, in these times of commercial depression to " rely upon the principles of finance and currency which have prevailed in this country for the last fifty years and to abide by the fiscal principles which have made this United Kingom." The gold men cheered, but not very

heartily, for the flushed faces of their bimetal-

that there was danger in the fun, and the Chan-

cellor, fortunately, took warning and turned to

ist friends and their vigorous coughing showed

another theme. The feeling on this currency question is really rowing strong in London, and the bimetallists are quite justified in asserting that this state of things and the appointment of a gold league by the monometallists are proofs of the progress of their propaganda. Whether it will continue to move at the present rate is another question. The probability seems to point the other way, but that there has been prog-ress lately cannot be denied. On last Wednesday evening, for instance, there was a gathering at a London institution which would scarcely have been possible a year or two ago. The audience was composed almost exclusively of grave, reverend city men, bankers, merchants, and the like, attracted by the prospect of set debate on bimetallism. The Right Hon. Leonard Courtney presided, and the speakers included some of the best-known authorities on currency matters, such as Sir David Barbour, formerly Finance Minister of India; H. R. Grenfell, ex-Governor of the Bank of England; Sir Samuel Montagu and Bankers Currie, Tritton, and Hoars. It was mentioned at this meeting that the German Emperor had just purchased, through his London agent, from the Bimetallio League, copies of recent speeches on the currency question delivered by the Right Hon. Arthur Balfour and Archbishop Walsh. Evidently the Kaiser is studying the question and it may be confidently predicted that he will soon make up his imperial mind one way or the other, and then announce to the world what is true and what is false in this business which has been agitating his own German Parliament so greatly. The gold men are already discounting the possible effects of the Emperor's conversion to the double standard by suggesting that his

Monometallists here are greatly elated by cablegrams purporting to emanate from reputable sources in New York, according to which bimetallism is having a pretty bad time in America just now. We will follow the Americans' noble lead, they are saying in effect, and kill the thing now, once and forever. The Gold Defence League, recently established in London, therefore has been followed by the forms tion of a Parliamentary committee "for the maintenance of the gold standard," and the peculiar thing about it is that this committee is composed exclusively of Tory and Liberal Unionist members whose action is likely to embarrass Tory leaders like Messrs. Baifour and Chaplin, who are enthusiastic bimetallists.

mind is just the sort of a superficial mind to be

enamored of bimetallism.

The universal horror caused by the virtually complete confirmation of the Kurdish streeties in Armenia has wholly obscured the fact that the Sultan has other Christian subjects who have not been harried and tortured, and that in some respects his Majesty compares very favor-ably with the Czar of Russia, who has joined with great heartiness in the general outcry as though, in matters religious, he were the most benign of rulers. The Evangelical Alliance has agents scattered all over the Turkish empire, and a local Secretary, who has lived at peace with all men in Constantinople for forty years. Mr. Arnold, General Secretary of the Alliance, believes in giving the devil his due. Of all the numerous Protestant clergymen in Armenia, he says, not one has been interfered with during the recent troublous times, presumably because they keep clear of no the Sultan most approachable, and it had only to go to the Government at Constantinople to find them ready to take up its case.

But it is very different in Russia. Religious persecution there rages unchecked. Men are sent into exile and to prison for such crimes as refusing to hang up saints' pictures in their own private rooms. Of the 800,000 Stundists, 3,000 are at present in prison or in Siberia, and the Alliance has just spent £1,000 helping their wives and families to join the exiles.

When, some time ago, Greek Christians in a Turkish town destroyed a Protestant place of worship and maltreated the converte, the Alliance brought the facts to the notice of the Sultan, who promptly gave the Protestants a permit to build a new church, and made the Greek community contribute \$750 toward the cost of rebuilding; but they were never able to get into direct communication with the late Czar, and memorials signed by such dignitaries as the Archbishop of Canterbury and leading nen in England and America have remained unanswered. It is only fair to place these things on record when there is a disposition to beatify

the young Czar and crucify the old Sultan. The Humanitarian League, formed to carry on the agitation for the abolition of the Queen's buckhounds in particular, and all so-called sports involving unnecessary cruelty to birds and other animals, has sent a curious challenge to the Sporting League, recently establish to fight what it calls Puritan fanatics who are endeavoring to obtain legislative prohibition of betting and other forms of gambling. It seems the Humanitarians invited the Sporting League men to join them in a petition against tame stag hunting, rabbit coursing, &c., and met with a decided refusal; and the challenge now put forward is for a great public debate on the questions at issue by selected champions of the two leagues. It seems a pity that the thing cannot be arranged, but doubtless the betting men are wise in their generation, for they do not shine in argument, although their league has some distinguished members, including an ex-Cabinet Minister, the Right Hon. James Lowther, one of the few pronounced protectionists

n English public life. One of the sports which the Humanitarian League has recoived to abolish is cock fighting. Most people are under the impression that this sport long ago died out in this country, but Mr. Labouchere, in this week's Truth, calls atten-tion to the frequent advertising of birds "warranted to fight game" in the sporting papers, and rightly concludes that the supply must be the result of demand. As cock fighting is distinctly prohibited by statute, Mr. Labouchere wants to know why the papers making money by advertising it are not prosecuted, and this is the point which the Humanitarian League will shortly test in a court of law. As a matter of fact, cock fighting flourishes in many parts of the country, especially in the north, and only few days ago the Cumberland police broke up a large gathering near the town of Gosforth. Selected birds were to uphold the honor of rival towns for a stake of £50 a side, and at daybreal hundreds of enthusiasts had assembled to see the fun, when the police disturbed the harmony

of the proceedings. Paris Went on One Foot Awhile,

When the American line steamship Paris which arrived yesterday, was a day out from which arrived year-day, was a day out from Southampton, a bearing of her port propeller shaft became overheated. The port engines were stopped for sight hours, while the ship's engineers overheated the bearings. Only a few of the passengers knew that the Paris was running under one set of engines at three-quarters speed. The Paris was not much delayed by the mishap, as she might have been if she had only one propeller.

PENNED IN THE ORTHODOX

WARSEAWIAK WANTED A PROTO-GRAPH-CAUSED A PANIC. Gates Locked on the Converted Jew's Hos-

tile Audience So that They Could Be Photographed at the Church Boors-What Did He Want the Photograph For ! Hermann Warszawiak, who as a converted Jew has been conducting missionary work among the down-town east side Hebrews for the past five years, held a meeting yesterday aftercorner of Market and Henry streets that ended in a panic. The assembly was composed chiefly of orthodox Hebrews who had gone to hear what Mr. Warszawiak had to say, and did not agree with him. When the meeting was over and the congregation poured out of the church, the iron gates in front were found to be locked. Some one shouted that the church was on fire. The crowd behind pushed, and those who were in front were squeezed against the gate. Outside of the fron railing which separates the churchyard from the street there was a crowd of about 200 Hebrews. They saw that something had gone wrong, and they set up a ery. The people within the church couldn't see what was holding back the others, and they scrambled all the harder. One man tried to

climb over the iron railing, and he fell and broke his leg. Several women had hysterics.

The occasion for the locked gates was the presence of a photographer across the street, who had a camera placed so that he could take s photograph of the congregation as it came out. It was said that Mr. Warszawiak wanted this picture to show as a proof of his usefulness to the people who support his labors. When the row was at its height the photographer picked up his camera and fied. Mr. Warszawiak also

disappeared. Warszawiak says that he was born in Warsaw of an orthodox rabbinical Jewish family. The Madison street police, knowing the kind of meetings that he has sometimes held, sent Policemen Gilmartin and Cosgrove to the church yesterday to preserve order. It was the second yesterday to preserve order. It was the second meeting that Warszawiak has held in the Church of the Sea and Land, and so objectionable have these meetings been to the local Hebrews that it was said yesterday that they had formed a syndicate and offered to buy the church property. Some of the downtown east side Hebrews have also petitioned the City Mission not to send Mr. Warszawiak among them, on the ground that he was a disturbing element.

among them, on the ground that he was a disturbing element.

Bills printed in Hebrew had been circulated
for yesterday's meeting, and the church was
crowded. Samuel Bernstein of 247 Monroe
street, who was in the squeeze at the gate, says
that during the address Mr. Warszawiak chailenged any man in the room to answer his arguments. A man arose to reply, and Mr. Warszawisk shut him off, saying:

"You are not here to preach. I'il do all the
presching. Sit down, or I'll have the police put
you out."

preaching. Sit down, or I'll have the police put you out."

There were several other interruptions of this sort, and the audience was in a very bad humor when the services closed. Mr. Warszawiak made no mention of the locked gates or the photographer across the street who was ready to take a snap shot of his "crowded assembly." He hurried to the door, and as he passed down the aisle he was greeted with such names as "hypocrite," "perjurer," "losfer," and "ulksch."

"uiksch."
The church stands back from Market street about a dozen feet, and the iron fence that is fush with the street is high and protected by iron spikes. There are double iron gates in frent of the church door. These had been locked. Bernstein says that Sexion Ranney of the church stood outside with the keys in his hand. He says that some one called to Ranney to unlock the gates, and that Ranney returned. These who were near the pates could neither get out nor go back. Some of the men tried the windows. There were men in the street whose wives were in the church and they also made a great noise. They begged the policemen to break open the gates.

The photographer had his camera up on a high stoop across the street, and he was just taking a squint at the struggling mob when the men in the street saw him and charged. The photographer didn't wait for them. He grabbed his camera and ran up Market street.

"He didn't get a picture," said a man who had waited an hour after the row to see Mr. Warszawiak, "and we let him go. Do you suppose I want my wife photographed as a convert to that man? No, sir. I wonder where he is now?"

Joseph Shapiro, who lives at 31 Monroe street, was the man who broke his leg trying to climb the fence. His foot caught between two of the

Joseph Shapiro, who lives at 31 Monroe street, was the man who broke his leg trying to climb the fence. His foot caught between two of the iron pickets and he fell. Just after this accident some one unlocked the gate, and the cooped up crowd within the church rushed out and began to abuse the man who had been preaching to them. Policemen Cosgrove and Gilmartin said that some one had locked the gates just before the close of the service. They didn't see him do it.

"I was watching the crowd in the street," said Gilmartin, "when I heard a yelling back of me and saw that the people from the church couldn't get out. Before I knew what had happened the street was full of people, and they were yelling at me to save their friends. Then I saw the photographer, and he cleared out and then Shapiro broke his leg and I was busy with him. That's all."

The police record says that "Shapiro accidentally broke his leg while falling over a fence."

Sexton Ranner, was standing in front of the gates with the keys in his hand during the disturbance, according to a dozen witnesses. He said last night that he had nothing to say about it. He refused to say who had locked the gates or under whose orders it had been done.

TO EJECT A LAND COMPANY. Capt. Beck Wants Troops to Clear an Indian Reservation in Nebraska

WASHINGTON, May 25,-Assistant Secretary of the Interior Sims has requested the Secretary of War to lend Capt. Beck, U. S. A., Indian Agent of the Omaha and Winnebago Indians in Nebraska, twenty Springfield rifles or sixteen ordinary rifles and revolvers for the use of his Indian police in evicting the Flourney Live Stock and Real Estate Company and its tenant from the lands of the Omaha and Winnebago Indians. Capt. Beck originally had four Indian police, but recently sixteen more were given him to clear the lands of unlawful occupants.

police, but recently sixteen more were given him to clear the lands of unlawful occupants. He requested the War Department to send also a troop of cavalry or a company of infantry to Pender, Neb., to aid the police.

For some time there has been trouble between land companies and the Indians of this reservation. The Flourney Company leased 37,000 acros of land from the Indians and D. F. Hull & Sons, E. J. Smith, and F. R. Hutchins, trustees, and J. B. Cary leased 50,000 acros. These leases were never approved by the Interior Department. The companies sublet the lands to settlers at an advance over what they agreed to pay the Indians. In a report to the Interior Department Capt. Back says that the United States Circuit Court of St. Louis rendered a decision to the effect that the companies, however, refused to leave the lands, and the Flourney Company appealed the case to the United States Supreme Court.

Capt. Beck says the courts in Nebraska, which have the authority, refuse to issue a writ of mandamus to put the companies off the lands. When his police endeavors to put the tenants off the people swear in deputy marshals, who arrest the police. He asserts that the companies has year did not pay half the rents, that none will be paid this year, and that the Indians will be left in total want next winter. The only course left, he thinks, is to call upon the military, besides the police, and run the companies and actiters off the lands.

WAS POISON IN THE WATER?

sauiting His Pastor's Child. LAKE VIEW, Mich., May 25 .- George Reed, aged 60, last night committed an assault on the eleven-year-old daughter of the Rev. Clarence eleven-year-old daugutor of the Rev. Clarence Walch, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church. Reed was arrested. He asked Sheriff King of Stanton for the privilege of getting a drink of water. The Sheriff granted the request and then started to the hotel with his prisoner. Before reaching there Reed began to show signs of sickness, and in fifteen minutes he was dead. Reed was a member of the church of which Mr. Weich is pastor.

We Want You to Guess

The size of letters, number of lights, and weight of that Admiral sign of Madison square; \$25 for the first correct guess. Prizes for the next ten. Send two coupons from Admiral cigarette boxes with each guess to Advertising Department, National Ciga-fette and Tobacco Company, foot of East Fifty-second Street, New York.—4da.

SHE CAME THROUGH THE TRANSOM. | RAN DOWN 3 BICYCLISTS. Five Policemen Extricate a Locked-in Broadway Business Woman,

Gussie M. Rabefield, 18 years old, a typewriter in the Tower Manufacturing and Novelty Company's store on the northeast corner of Duane street and Broadway, worked late last night and when she got through she found the store deserted and the doors all locked. Miss Rahefield is a short, slender girl, with fair hair and complexion. She hustled around the store to find a means of exit. In her excitement she never thought of using the telephone to call up somebody to come around and open the door. She might have called up Police Headquarters and had the Eldridge street station send a policeman around to release her, but, of course, she did not know that. There was no means of escape by opening a window on the first floor, for the drop to the street was too great, so Miss Rahefield just flitted about the store from door to door, tapping on the glass with her own door key. It was shortly after 6 o'clock in the evening, and she had a hard time attracting attention.

Frank Reynolds, a bartender in John A. Mc-Laughlin's saloon, at 82 Duane street, happened to hear the tapping and located it as coming from the Duane street entrance of the store. He saw a girl behind the door waving her arms and beckoning to him. Miss Rahefield finally got him to understand her predicament. He found Roundsman McLaughlin, and a blast on the roundsman's whistle brought four more policemen to the scene.

The combined force then tried all the doors and tried to hit on a plan to get Miss Rahefiel out. She was standing inside, gazing hopefully at them. Finally, on the principle that

Who would be free, herself must strike the blow, she came to herown help. She got a stepladder. which she set under the transom at one of the Broadway doors. She announced in the sign language that she intended to get out that way, and Policeman Higgins got another stepladder from the janitor of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Insurance building on the opposite corner. The other policemen hunted up axes and crowbars, and the storming of the castle was begun. The transom was easily forced, and Miss Rahefield climbed up her ladder and came through head first with the assistance of a stalwart policeman. The transom window got caught and did not open all the way, and for a moment Miss Rahefield got a tight squeeze, but she did not appear to mind it. She climbed down the ladder to the sidewalk, and dusting her shoulders exclaimed. "Heavens!"

She started to hurry away from the curious stares of the crowd, but a policeman grabbed her and explained that there were some formalities before she could go. In the first place the policeman wanted to know her name, then her age and address, and the circumstances of her peculiar situation. Among the crowd that gathered was a young man employed in the store, and he identified her. She gave the policeman the necessary information and hurried away to catch a train for Passaic, where she lives. The incident was duly recorded on the blotter at the Eldridge street station, and a police lock was put on the transom.

CABLE CAR HITS FIRE TRUCK.

tracks. The truck passed sound of the property on the west side and the horses were just clearing the north-bound car tracks when the cable car ran into the front wheels of the truck and the property of the truck and the property of the p Jammed them against the east pillar. The tail of the truck swung round and knocked the cable car off the track.

The passengers in the car were badly frightened and struggled violently in their efforts to get out. Women screamed and men shouted, and for a few minutes there was great excitement.

and for a few minutes there was great excitement.

When the entangled truck and car were finally set right it was found that both poles of the truck were broken, and that the forward gear was bent and wrenched. One of the horses had its side so badly cut that the animal was sent to the department hospital. The forward fender of the car was torn off and the grip fastenings were wrenched. A wrecking orew came from the depot at fixth street and put the car back on the track and the car behind it pushed it to the end of the routs. Traffic was blocked for about forty minutes. Capt. Meagher and his men rigged the truck for two horses, and in that way got it back to the house.

The alarm proved to be false. The alarm proved to be false.

INJURED BY A FIRECRACKER.

Practical Joke Causes Serious Injury to a Stratford Bartender,

BRIDGEPORT, May 25 .- A party of about a dozen men drove up to Miner Smith's hotel last night near Washington bridge, in Stratford, and ordered a dinner. While they were walting for the meal they went to the barroom. There they were very boisterous, and suddenly one of the number cried, "All get out."

With this the entire party left the room in a hurry. Charles Turner, the bartender, saw from behind the bar in the centre of the room what seemed to be a large firecracker. It was hissing, and Turner hurried to throw it out. He had aimost reached it when it exploded. The force of the explosion knocked Turner down, and when the other inmates of the house arrived he was found lying on the floor unconscious and bieseling from a wound in the abdomen. The interior of the barroom was wrecked. Turner's condition is critical.

The men were from Derby. It is thought they did not know the force of the charge in the cracker. Some persons think it may have contained dynimite. Justice Peck issued warrants in the case, and Sheriff Stagg is seeking after the men. With this the entire party left the room in a

WILLIE MEADE'S FIND.

A Relie of a Visit of Green Goods Men to Paterson Discovered in a Greenery.

PATERSON, N. J., May 25 .- Ten-year-old Willie Meade, while playing with companions in Gregory avenue yesterday afternoon, ran into Mrs. Randol's front yard to hide behind a row Mrs. Randol's front yard to bide behind a row of shrubbery. He found in the branches a heavy tin box. He shouted to his companions, who followed him across the atreet to Dr. Terhune's house. The Doctor, like the boys, was anxious to know what was in the box. He pried it open. It was filled with three packages of paner cut to the size of bank notes.

Having in mind the story published in The Sun a few days ago concerning the groen goods men who had passed through Passalc, Dr. Terhune told the boys to take the box to Chief of Police Hendry, who said he had no doubt that it had been thrown into the yard by the green goods rascals on the night that they tied their horse to a post in Gregory avenue, not 150 yards from Mrs. Randol's house.

SING SING, N. Y., May 25 .- Warden Sage and State Detective Jackson will on Monday morn ing take Dr. Buchanan, the wife murderer, to Albany to appear tefore the Court of Appeals to be resentenced. After he is sentenced to death he will be brought back to the prison and placed in the death cell. Unless the United States Supreme Court restrains him, Warden Sage will carry out the sentence.

Mill's Silver Words Are all well enough as far as they go. But sound money and sound common sense go hoselfer when people are all ris on every gold dollar by buying dectors' prescriptions, rubber goods, brushes, songe, sponges, perfumeries, mith sterilizers, air cushions trasses, craiches, and a maral drug store supplies, all of the very bess quality, at filter's, 6th Av., cor. Edd st.

HAVOC CAUSED BY A RUNAWAY IN LEXINGTON AVENUE.

Five Persons in All Bowled Over Like Ten Pine Near Twenty-third Street-Then. After Colliding with Two Sand Carts, the Flying Horse Falls and Is Captured. Carrie, a powerful black mare, owned by the Union Storage and Transfer Company, had fin-

ished work yesterday afternoon and was standing at 5:15 c'clock in front of her owners' place of business in Twenty-second street just west of Lexington avenue. Her driver had gone inside, leaving the mare un-tied in the street. She was facing Lexington avenue. Boys were playing near by in the street. Some of them, Superintendent Jones of the transfer company says, were setting off firecrackers. At any rate, Carrie took fright, and before any one could stop her she belted for Lexington avenue.

She reached the corner and was just turning

up into the avenue when a man coming west grabbed hold of the harness and tried to pull her in. She shook him off and flung him onto the curb. She took the corner with a wide sweep and bounded up the avenue. One hundred feet up the avenue, on the east side, is a big heap of sand used by the Lexington avenue cable railroad people who are laying tracks through Twenty-third street. A truck driver was at the heap with his cart. Carrie's wagon, a heavy covered express, hit the sand cart and threw the driver up on the heap. The sand heap runs north about fifty feet and the street is further obstructed by the tool and work houses of the cable road. On the west side of the avenue is a big pile of brick and the avenue at that point is thus narrowed by about half its width. Carrie steered between these two heaps and kept on toward Twenty-third street. That was crowded with people re-turning home from work. Dozens of bicyclists were passing up and down the smooth asphalted avenue.

turning home from work. Dozens of bicyclists were passing up and down the smooth asphalted avenue.

"At about the time Carrie struck the wagon at the sand heap there were a party of five bicyclists coming down the avenue. They were just north of Twenty-third street. Three of the party were riding in advance of the others. These three were Sam Collins, an actor in the burlesque, "Twill He," his wife, Vinnie Henshaw, and his younger brother, Sim.

Twenty-third street was so crowded at the time that it is probable that the bicyclists did not see the big black horse until they got across that street. They came straight ahead.

Mrs. Collins was riding between the men, with her husband on her left and a little ahead of her. She saw the runaway first and tried to warn her husband, but, as she afterward said, she was so frightened that she lost the power of speech for the time being, and all she could do was to throw herself from her wheel. The two brothers were not so fortunate. They tried to run in close to the curb and the pile of bricks. But there was not time for them to escape, and the horse, or more probably the shaft of the express wagon, struck Sam in the face. He was tossed from his bicycle and thrown against his brother and his wife. The three and their wheels were jumbled together in a heap not far from the pile of bricks. They lay there while the runaway dashed on, little checked by the force of the collision.

The horse sprang on toward the south crossing of Twenty-third street. The way was filled with

force of the collision.

The horse sprang on toward the south crossing of Twenty-third street. The way was filled with people. Some saw the runaway in time and got away. There were two who could not escape. They were Thomas Moakley, a porter in a Broadway hotel, and Miss Jennie Craton, a salesgir who lives at 137 Dupont street. Greenpoint.

They were struck down by the runaway at the same time. One of the wheels passed over Moakley's right thigh, and the girl was struck on the head. on the head.
The black mare cleared Twenty-third street

The black mars cleared Twenty-third street in a few great leaps, and sped on up Lexington avenue. She went to Twenty-fourth street without meeting any obstruction, keeping to the smooth rails of the new cable road.

Maif way up the block in front of 59 Lexington avenue was a sand cart coming down. The driver saw that there was not room for the runaway to get by and he jumped. A second later and the express wagon struck the rear end of the sand cart and threw it and the horse over on their sides.

A few feet ahead of the runaway were two two-wheel carts, with the drivers walking be-

A few feet ahead of the runaway were two two-wheel carts, with the drivers walking beside their horses. The express wagon strock the first of these carte and brought it to such a short stop that the second horse with cart attached following right behind ran into it, and both were jammed together.

Even this did not stop the black mare. A little further up the avenue she saw a beer wagon, partly loaded. She leaped to one side, and people who saw it say that she ran partly around the wagon and escaped. Carrie at that time was on the cast side of the avenue. A few seconds after this she ran over to the west side.

At Twanty-eighth street she started to turn was on the case when an over to the west side.

At Twenty-eighth street she started to turn west into Twenty-eighth street. Then she changed her mind and swerved, the wagon colliding with the iron railing in front of Dr. E. B.

changed her mind and swerved, the wagon colliding with the iron railing in front of Dr. E. B. Foote's house.

The force of the collision threw the runaway. Before she could get to her feet again a number of men seized her bead and held her.

The three Collines were lifted to their feet. Mrs. Collins seemed little hurt. They were taken to Dr. Arthur Field's office at 29 Lexington avenue. Sam Collins was weak and scarcely able to tell how it all happened. Several of his teeth were loosened and some broken. His wife was much agitated.

They were put into a private ambulance and taken to Sam's mother's house, at 102 Avenue D. One of their two companions, who had been riding behind them, and who was only slightly hurt, was taken to the same place.

While they were being taken care of, ambulances from the New York and Bellevue hospitals had reached the scene of the accident. Moakely was badly hurt. When the doctors reached him he was unconscious. They hurried him off to the hospital, and close behind him followed the girl, Jennie Craton, in another ambulance.

At the hospital the doctors found that Moake.

bilance.
At the hospital the doctors found that Moakehy had a severe scalp wound, contusions about
the body, and a possible fracture of the pelvis.
In case it should prove so to be they thought he
would die. Jennie Craton, after having her
woulds dressed, was able to go home.
No one was arrested, and the cause of the
trouble, Carrie, was led back to her stable.

TWO KILLED BY A BLAST.

Fatal Result of a Premature Explosion at Fifth Avenue and Ninety-first Street.

The premature explosion of a blast at Fifth avenue and Ninety-first yesterday afternoon resulted in the death of two persons, William Spriggs, the foreman in charge of the work, and Dominico Labruscano, one of the laborers.

The men were working in a trench that was being dug for laying a sewer main in Fifth avenue by Van Ranken & Duel of Tarrytown. The

being dug for laying a sewer main in Fifth avenue by Van Ranken & Duel of Tarrytown. The trench was about fifteen feet in depth, and its excavation necessitated a good deal of blasting. Spriggs had a force of twenty men working under him, most of them Italians.

When the explosion occurred he was in the ditch tamping down a charge of dynamite. Labruscano was employed in moving some timber about ten feet from him. The other Italians were scattered along the ditch.

In some unexplained manner Spriggs struck the percussion cap of the cartridge with his tamping rod. The force of the explosion drove the rods suward, lacerating Spriggs's hands. He was thrown nearly to the street level and fell back into the trench, breaking both legs and one arm.

A great mass of rock was thrown into the air, about a ton of which fell upon Labruscano, crushing his life out in a moment and burying him completely. The other workmen scrambled out of the trench at the sound of the explosion. Small fragments of stone fell upon them in a shower, but none was seriously injured.

They ran back toward the trench and were busy some little time in getting Spriggs out of the ditch and in removing the rock from Labruscano's body. Spriggs was still breathing and he was sent in an ambulance to the Presby terian Hospital, where he died within an hour.

Spriggs was 36 years old and married, He lived at 171 East Eighty, seventh street. Labruscano was 65 years old, and lived with his family in a shanty at Ninety-seventh street and Fifth avenue.

TROLLEY HITS AN EXPRESS WAGON. The Driver Has His Right Leg Broken and the Horse Is Killed. William Jansen, 10 years old, of 70 Crystal

street. Brooklyn, was driving one of Quinlan's East New York express wagons from Fulton street into Front street yesterday afternoon when trolley car 116 of the Seventh avenue line when trolley car 110 of the Seventh avenue line bowled along in the same direction at wrapid speed and bumped into the wagon. The motorman apparently lost control of the motor, for the car swept slong for several yards after the collinion, upsetting the horse and wagon.

When the car was finally stopped the horse was taken out from the wreck dead. Young Jansen, who had been thrown violently to the ground in the collision, had his right leg broken and also received internal injuries. He was taken in an ambulance to the Brocklyn Hospital. COL. KANE'S HORSEMANSHIP.

His Skill Palled the Ploneer Through Tight Place in Fifth Avenue. The skill and presence of mind of Col. Delancey A. Kane, who handled the reins on the New York and Westchester coach Pioneer averted an accident yesterday afternoon in Fifth avenue in front of the Hotel Brunswick. The Pioneer left the Brunswick Hotel at 11 o'clock in the forencon with Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Horton, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Dominick, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Arm-

strong, Mrs. Charles N. Lee, E. A. Leach, and J.

W. Monahan as passengers. The run was un-

eventful until the Pioneer upon its return was drawing up at the Brunswick. At Twenty-eighth street Col. Kane saw the way clear and he let the horses spin along. When the coach was a hundred feet above the Twenty-seventh street crossing an ice cart going east came along Twenty-seventh street and started to cross the avenue at a brisk pace. The driver of the ice wagon turned his horses up Fifth avenue, and Col. Kane, who was in its path, reined to the left. Sudderly the driver of the ice wagon decided to go on through Twentyseventh street, and he headed his team directly in front of the Pioneer. Persons in the street watched in dismay, expecting a crash, and the ladies on the coach covered their faces with their hands. It was just here that Col. Kane

exhibited his coolness and skill. Gathering the reins quickly he applied the brakes and swung the four horses abruptly to the right so that the front wheel of the coach just grazed a rear wheel of the ice wagon. The sudden manoeuvring frightened the coach horses. The leaders fell back among the wheelers and turned squarely to the left. For a moment coach and horses seemed in a helpless tangle, but Col. Kane sat firm, and before the frightened spectators understood what had been done he had straightened out the horses, and the Pioneer was drawing up in front of the Brunswick in rattling style, amid cheers from

both sides of the avenue.

Frederic Bronson, Vice-President of the Coaching Club, saw the incident and exclaimed: That is as fine an example of cool-headed horsemanship as I ever saw."

George W. Swett, manager of the Brunswick, said: "Not one horseman in a thousand could manœuvre four horses in ten seconds as did Col. Kane, and keep his head."

Col. Kane was congratulated by nearly every one who witnessed the exciting incident, and a group of his acquaintances took him into the café to drink his health.

ATHLETES GOT THE HONORS.

Scholarship no Leager Influential in Yale's
Secret Society Selections.

New Haven, May 25.—The importance of athletics at Yale was never more strikingly displayed than at the Senior Society elections on Thursday. Twenty years ago elections to Skull and Bones, and Seroll and Keys, generally included the men who had distinguished themselves for scholarship, and as writers and speakers. In some instances it happened that the valedictorian, salutatorian, all the editors of the Lit., and all the Townsend Prize speakers went to Bones. The choice of Keys would be the men who were leaders in the Junior Promenade, and were distinguished in the social life of the college.

This year the Chairman of the Lit. did not get an election, and the recognized scholars, the prize speakers and writers, received almost no recognition at all. On the other hand Beard, Cross, Treadway, and Smith, from the crews; Thorne, captain of the football eleven; Trudeau, change pitcher on the baseball nine, and Brown, the shot-putter, all go to Bones, and Foote, the tennis player and President of the football eleven; Trudeau, change pitcher on the baseball in association; Dewitt, also a football pitchers, from Avery to Carter, have belonged to Bones, and they shall be presented as the signer Towns.

EARTHQUAKE IN TURKEY.

Fifty Peeple Killed and 150 Injured in Single Town.

Constantinople, May 25.—A series of earthquakes to-day virtually razed the town of Paramythis, European Turkey, Fifty persons were mythis, European Turkey, F

quakes to-day virtually razed the town of Paramythia, European Turkey. Fifty persons were killed and 150 seriously injured. The inhabitants are panic stricken, and will pass the night in open spaces.

The total number of shocks was twenty-six. The Greek Church, which was built 300 years ago, was moved several yards, but is still standing.

GIRLS OUT FOR A WEEK'S WALK. Miss Koutz-Reese's Pupils Go on a Tramp with Knapsacks on Their Backs.

NEW HAVEN, May 25,-During the past week six young women, pupils at the private school Rosemary Hall, in Wallingford, have been tramping through Middlesex and New Haven . They are accompanied by Miss Caroline Koutz-Reese, the principal of the school They dress in blue serge suits with short skirts

They dress in blue serge suits with short skirts and high lace boots. They do not wear bloomers, but have attracted much attention in all of the towns they have visited. The plan originated with Miss Reese, who is a believer in athletic exercise.

The party started on last Monday morning and walked to Northford. The next night was spent in Branford. On Wednesday they were at Guilford. On Friday at North Guilford. They are at Durham to-night and expect to arrive at Wallingford to-morrow afternoon. Each of the young women carries a small knapanck strapped to the shoulders which contain a small store of provisions and a few toilet articles. Miss Routz-Reese is from Scarsdaie, N. Y., and is fond of outdoor exercise. At this school there are athletic teams which take outdoor sports seriously. The citizens of the town are always much interested in the cricket games and basket ball contests by the young women.

TALE PROFESSORS ARRESTED. New Haven Police Make a Raid on Bley-

clers Using Sidewalks. NEW HAVEN, May 25. The police have many complaints here lately that bleycle riders were using the sidewalks. Yesterday the police started in a crusade against the riders. Among those arrested were Prof. H. W. Parker of the Yale Medical School; C. W. Hand, instructor of Yale's Anderson gymnasium; J. T. Trowbridge, son of E. Hayes Trowbridge, the millionaire; G. B. Woolsen, secretary of the Frisble Company. In the City Court this morning each was fined \$6 and costs.

In the City Court this morning each was fined \$6 and coats.

Many of those arrested complain of the way in which the police did their duty. Some of the riders were taken to the police office in the patrol wagon, others were taken through the streets accompanied by a policeman, who kept a firm grip upon them. Some, however, simply handed their cards to the policemen, and later reported at the station house with a bondsman. Yale professors were not put under arrest, but were told to report at the police office. Mr. Woolsen was taken to the station house in the pairol wagon with his machine, and Mr. Trowbridge was escerted there by a big policeman.

Cal, Pellows's Vales Goes Lame District Attorney Fellows has been having trouble with his throat. On Thursday he submitted to an operation and was relieved somewhat. He attended the Democratic editors dinner at Delmonico's on Friday night and made a speech, and yesterday morning he could talk only in whisper. He called in ficalth Commis-sioner Edoon and Sanitary Superintendent Hob-erts, and Dr. Edoon operated on him again. They took him up town later. The Colonel said that his tongue was badly swollen and that his tonsils also were affected.

Editor Clarke Hells Out. Mr. Joseph L. C. Clarke, for the past twelve years managing editor of the Marning Journal, has disposed of his interest in the paper to John R. McLean, who strendy owned a controlling interest, and has retired from his post.

A deep pointed roll collar .- Adu,

LYNCHED TWO YOUNG MEN.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

AN ILLINOIS MOB PEARED THAT ALIGELD WOULD PARDON THEM.

Determined Assault on a Jail and the Prisoners Taken Out Despite a Judge's Assertions that Justice Would Be Done

-Hanged at the Scene of the Crime.

DANVILLE, Ill., May 25 .- Early this morning a mob which had been in possession of Vermillion county's jail for several hours succeeded in finding two young men, John Halls, Jr., and William Royce, in their cells, and took them outside and hanged them for assaulting Miss Laura Barnett on Thursday evening last. From midnight, when the mob first made its appearance at the jail doors, there was a determined struggle to lynch the men. For hours they battled against heavy oaken doors and iron bars in defiance of Sheriff Thompson and his assistants. The mob openly declared that they thought Gov. Altgeld would pardon the men if the law was allowed to take its course.

At 7:30 o'clock on Thursday evening Miss Barnett, in company with Lillian Draper, was walking on the Vermilion River bridge at the foot of Main street. When accosted by Halls and Royce the girls started to run. One of the men knocked Miss Barnett down. Miss Draper made her escape up Main street. Her shrieks collected a crowd, which started in pursuit of Halls and Royce. The latter dragged Miss Raynett with them. They passed John Downs, an old man, who attempted to interfere. He was knocked down by Halls.

The two assailants took the girl through the fields to the river bottom, where Miss Barnets was found at 12:30 A. M. in an unconscious con-

Halls and Royce were arrested, waived preliminary examination, and were bound over to the Grand Jury in the sum of \$5,000 each. The mob to lynch the men had been forming all day, but its presence was not known to any of the officials of the town. The rendezvous was an old barn on the edge of the town, and it was

nearly dark before the townspeople noticed that many strangers had arrived in that neighborhood. Early in the evening the mob seemed to know no way of identifying the prisoners, but accurate information was furnished late in the evening, when the assault upon the jail was made. The mob consisted of between two and three hundred men, all masked.

After repeated efforts to break down the outer fail doer with a telegraph pole, which produced little or no effect, the crowd desisted for a time in their efforts to break into the jail. Ed Mo-

streets to the bridge. Here a delay ensued, Royce wanted to have his father sent for, and begged his captors to wait until he came. The mob waited until the day began to break at 3:40 c'clock. Then the lynchers became impatient, and refused to wait longer. Royce's last words

were:
"I am innocent, but I am prepared to die. I have made my peace with God." Halls said:
"Those are my sentiments, but I am not ashamed of what I have done."
The ropes were fastened to the bridge railing, and the young men were told to lump. They refused. Men seized each of them and threw them over the rail. The ropes were fifteen fees long, stout, and well tied. After about ten minutes life appered to be extinct. The faces of the men were not covered. The bodies were often down at 8 o'clock, and taken to an undertaker's office.

SEIZED THE TOWN OF CREEDE.

Land Speculators Take Advantage of a. Technicality and Claim the Entire Place. DENVER, May 25 .- The residents of Creede are deploring the probable loss of all their real estate through the devices of an alleged ring that has been operating through the United States Land Office at Del Norte. Last night the Amethyst Improvement Company with a force of men entered the town and took possession of the old site of Jimtown, where the famous killing of Bob Ford took place three years ago. When the sun rose the newcomers announced they had taken possession of the land for the

When the sun rose the newcomers amounced they had taken possession of the land for the company, as the former locations had been forfeited by a decision of the District Court, because the entry was made in Saguache county, a subsequent suit showing that Creede was situated in Hinsdale county.

The site was swept by fire during the boom, and then an ordinance was passed by the Council ordering that nothing but brick buildings becreeted. A great deal of money was spent in permanent improvements, and the new town, was regularly established on the burned district. The owners declare they will not submitto the loss of their property, and will resist the company to the bitter end.

Waiter Boyle, F.E. Wheeler, and a few others staked the entire town site for a placer claim as trustees for the non-residents, whose lots they expect to protect by this course. The same men also staked a mining claim on the ground, and will begin work immediately to sink a shaft. John Knedel, who, like many others, paid a large price for his lot, attempted to throw the stake and foundations from his lot, but was prevented, by Sheriff Jones, who is a stockholder and director in the Amethyst Improvement Company.

DETAINED IN QUARANTINE.

The Mexican Prince Had a Death Aboard and Come from Hio, The steamship Mexican Prince, which arrived yesterday from Brazilian ports, will be detained at Quarantine until Health Officer Doty finds out the cause of the death of one of the ship's passengers, Mrs. William Nolls. Mr. Nolls, with passengers, Mrs. William Nolls. Mr. Nolls, with his wife and four children, left his home in Lewis, this State, seven months ago, and went to farming in Brazil. The climate did not agree with Mrs. Nolls, who was delicate, and her hushand decided to come back to New York. Head his family boarded the Mexican Prince at Pilo Janeiro. Mrs. Nolls died, presumably of consumption, om May 11, and was buried at sea. As there is yellow fever in Rio, Dr. Doty thought it advisable, to make careful inquiry about Mrs. Nolls's sickness. Nolls's sickness.

Brank Soda After Playing Ball and Died. John McLaughlin, 37 years old, of 135 Avenue D. Brooklyn, after playing an exciting game of ball in Prospect Park yesterday afternoon, went with his friends to a saloon at Flatbush avenue and Malbone street and drank two glasses of soda water. He dropped in front of the bar, and died before the arrival of an ambulance.

Broker Chapman's Trial. WASHINGTON, May 25,-The trial of E. R. Chapman, the New York broker who refused to answer questions put to him by the Senate com-mittee investigating the alleged Sugar Trust scandal in 1805-94, was set to-day by Judge Cole for June 17.